

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

MORE PUZZLES AND ANSWERS TO THOSE OF LAST WEEK.

The Weekly Stories.—Potatoes in Ireland.
Letter from Father Times Which
Please Read.

Grandmother's Pocket.

Dear grandmother's pocket! how well I remember
How useful it was, both capacious and deep,
What good things, what odd things, and things without number
I saw in that pocket, at every sly peep.
If Tom, who loved whittling far better than spelling,
Ever chanced with his jack-knife to damage his thumb,
In less than a twinkling and all without telling
From grandmother's pocket a plaster would come!

If Fanny, or Letty, or Mary, or Kitty
Was minus a button on gown or on shoe
No need of a wearisome trip to the city,
In grandmother's pocket the article grew!

When Benjie, the pet, for his friends' admiration
His ill-shapen kite from the woodshed would bring,
'Twas grandmother offered the sole adulation,
'Twas grandmother's pocket that furnished the string!

If any were dumpy, or any in trouble,
If playmates were pouty, or things went awry,
If none to make peace in the household were able,
Dear grandmother's pocket a balm could supply!

O blest is the home where a grandmother dwelleth,
Undaunted by ills and unruined by noise!
With bountiful hands and a pocket that swelleth
With balm and cheer for the girls and the boys!

—M. A. Maitland.

A Story of All-Hallow-Eve.

More than eighty years ago three little English children were solemnly arranging their mystic games for All-hallow-eve. They were alone in a cottage, nearly half a mile from any neighbor, for father and mother had gone to the town of Ware, and would not be back before the next night; so Rupert Margery and little Nance were preparing without a shadow of fear to amuse themselves in their own fashion. Chestnuts were hopping gaily about on the fire-place, and half a dozen rosy-cheeked apples floated tantalizingly in a tub of water, waiting for a courageous diver.

Rupert, an active boy of twelve, captured his apple at every plunge; Margery only nibbled at hers, and sent it bobbing about the surface of the water; while poor little Nance would dive boldly down, and come up gasping and choking, looking more like a half-drowned kitten than a little girl who had not succeeded in catching a slippery apple.

"It's no use, Nance," said her sister, "you will never get one if you keep on soaking yourself all night. Let us see now who will be married and who will die. Rupert, you go into the garden and bring me in some earth on a plate, while I get the ashes and water."

The boy went out to dig up the mold. It was a clear night. To his left he saw the white banks of the river Lee, and could hear the rush of the waters as they swept angrily by. How high the river looked! thought Rupert. He had never seen it like that before, and for a moment he stood wondering what had caused this sudden rise. Then Margery's voice calling for the earth made him forget all about it, and in another minute he was back in the warm, bright kitchen, without a thought of the foaming torrent outside.

The little girl placed on the table the three dishes, one of which held the mold, the other ashes, and the third clear water. Then she bound a handkerchief tightly over Nance's eyes, and bade her go and put her hand in one of the plates. If she touched the water she would be married; if her fingers wandered into the ashes she was doomed to be an old maid; but if she reached the earth first, then she would die before the next All-hallow-eve.

Nance slowly groped her way to the table, and after a moment's indecision put her fingers softly into the water. Margery gave a shout of pleasure, and with a sigh of relief that her future was settled, Nance unbound the handkerchief and handed it to her sister. But with her matters were not so promising, for advancing with great show of confidence, her evil genius led her straight to the ashes, greatly to her own disgust and Rupert's undisguised delight. It was his turn now, but just as his eyes were being bandaged little Nance called out, "Look! Margery, look! the floor is all wet!"

With a bound the boy sprang to the door and opened it. Nothing but water met his eyes—water as yet but a couple of inches deep, but which was softly, steadily rising in the moonlight. In an instant he realized what had happened. The Lee had overflowed its banks, and the water was gaining on them fast. Already it had entered the room where the frightened children stood only half understanding their great danger.

"Go up stairs," shouted Rupert to his sisters; "and if the flood rises that high, we will climb out of the roof. Go quick!"

But Margery stood still, her brown eyes filling with tears. "O, Rupert," she cried, "the poor little baby ducks and chickens! They will all be drowned; and whatever will mother say when she comes back?"

Rupert never heeded her. The water by this time reached to their ankles, and to close the door was impossible. Thoroughly alarmed Rupert drew the little girls up the ladder-like staircase into their low attic. Opening the window, he crawled out, and then helped Nance and Margery to follow him. Side by side stood the three children and saw the sullen waters surge and sway around them. Where could they look for help?

Poor little Nance sobbed and shivered as she crept closer to her brother's side; Margery stood as if frozen into stone; but Rupert watched the cruel waters as they rose, and tried to think how best to act for his sisters' sake and for his own. He could hear in the distance cries and shouts, and could see bonfires blazing on many roofs—signals of the common danger. He knew that along the outskirts of the town, and through the scattered parish of Ware, relief boats were even now rowing from house to

house to save those who lived in cottages too low to shelter them. Something must be done quickly if he would save his sisters from perishing.

"Margery," he said, "would you be afraid to stay here alone with Nance, while I try and get some help?"
"O, Rupert!" shrieked the child, throwing her arms around him, "you would surely be drowned, and so would we. What can you do in such an awful flood?"
"I could try and swim to the manor farm," said the boy. "It is not more than half a mile off, and there are plenty of floating boughs and fences in the water to rest me if I tire out. Margery, I must go, or we shall all drown together; and you know," he added with a sob, "I promised father that I would take care of you."

"But to leave us here alone! O, Rupert, I should die!"

But Rupert's mind was made up. "It must be done at once," he said. "or it will be too late. Margery, try and be a little brave, and keep tight hold of Nance if the waves should reach you before I can come back. Please God, I will save you yet." Then throwing off his shoes and jacket he plunged into the seething waters.

In a minute he was swept out of sight, and with an awful feeling of loneliness Margery crouched on the roof, holding Nance in her arms. The waves crept higher until they washed against the children's feet as they clung closely together. What had become of Rupert? What would become of them? Nance's sobs were hushed from sheer exhaustion, and she only moaned and shivered slightly when the crawling water gained on them inch by inch.

Every minute it became plainer to her that they would not keep their hold much longer.

All hope was dying fast, when a boat rowed by strong arms approached to help them.

"Nancy! Nancy!" she sobbed, "they are coming! Rupert has sent them. He has saved us, as he said he would!"

Another minute, and the two cramped and wearied little figures were lifted down from their perilous resting-place and laid gently in the boat. Nance hardly conscious, but Margery trembling with the question she scarcely dared to ask.

"Where is Rupert?" she cried. "He sent you, I know; but where is he now?"

The men looked at each other with troubled eyes, but made no answer. Margery's pitiful glance wandered from one downcast face to the other, as she strove to understand what this silence meant.

"He must have sent you to us," Margery said slowly, and as if talking to herself, "else how would you have thought to come?"

"Ay, that he did," answered one of the rowers. "He sent us truly, but he spoke no words to tell his tale. If we had not been a parcel of frightened fools we would have remembered you before."

He stopped, and Margery looked at him with dazed and startled eyes. As gently as he could he told her how the drowned body of a little fair-haired boy had been swept by the torrent past the windows of the manor farm. Every effort had been made to bring back some spark of life, but it was too late. When the little dead body was recognized all remembered this helpless family in the cottage, and a boat was sent for those who might still be alive, and Margery and her little sister were that day restored to their mother's arms.

And long years after, when children of her own gathered around her knee, Margery would tell them on each All-hallow-eve the story of that dreadful night, and of their brave little Uncle Rupert who lost his life to save the sisters committed to his care.—Harper's Young People.

Prime Minister Jack.

"Mamma! Susan! Some one light the gas; I wish you would," called an impatient voice.

"Suppose you play 'some one,' then," answered Jack's mother from the top of the stairs. "You are ambitious to be 'some one'—aren't you?"

"Fudge!" said Jack, "not that way. Besides, I can't reach it. You don't allow me to stand on chairs. I don't see the use of having servants, and then waiting on yourself, either."

"Take the lamp-lifter, Jack. Then you won't have to stand on a chair. If you don't like the idea of waiting on yourself, then we'll call it waiting on others. That's the way to become somebody, you know."

"I'm sure I don't know anything of the sort," Jack answered, still in a tone of impatience. "I can't find the lighter. I'll knock my shins off. When I'm a man, no one shall bother me with doing such things. I'm going to be as great a man as—"

"as papa," when he happened to think that papa sometimes was called upon to light the gas and to do other things which the boy thought burdensome. So he concluded his sentence—"as Dr. James, or the President, or—"

"Or the Prime Minister of Great Britain," suggested his mother in conclusion.

"Yes," said Jack, accepting her suggestion. "I suppose the higher up I get the less likely people will be to bother me. Everybody will run after me and wait on me, then."

"Indeed," said his mamma, who had by this time come down and sat beside Jack in the glow of the fire light. "It seems to me that Dr. James said something about having to hurry away to see patients who would keep him busy until late."

"Yes," said Jack, "he gets more practice than any other doctor in town. He's the leading doctor, that is because he carries out your idea—is above running at every one's beck and call and waiting on people. It must be very fine to be a leading physician of a town, Jack, instead of a boy, and have every one waiting on one from morning till night."

"Why—mamma?" stammered Jack. "I—I didn't think of that when I spoke of him. He does wait on other people. But then, that's his business. He's paid for it. Still, I don't believe I'd want to be a doctor, after all."

"Maybe you would rather be President, then, and have a great throng of people crowding into your room, and dogging your footsteps, waiting to know why this office hadn't been filled or that man removed, and every time you pick up a newspaper to read what some impatient person said about the slowness with which the nation's head servant was attending to the people's wants?"

"Do they talk about the President in that way?" asked Jack, in surprise. "Just as though it is his business to do whatever anyone wants! Well, I suppose that is only because this is such a free country. I'll stick to what I said about Gladstone. I don't believe that in England they would dare to expect so great a man to be a servant to everyone."

"Then they should expect him to be something different from what the title

of his office makes him out to be," said mother.

"Why, how is that?" Jack wanted to know. Prime Minister means—means—it must mean that he is the first ruler in the land, or next to the Queen."

"Yes, 'prime' does mean 'first,' but 'minister' means 'one who serves or ministers.' So, you see, Jack, Mr. Gladstone is only the 'first servant' of Great Britain, and has to serve ever so many millions of people. But there was one above him who chose for his motto, 'I serve—the Prince of Wales, the heir to the throne.'"

"And that's as high as anyone could get," pondered Jack, as though not quite ready to give up his notion of a position so high that others would have to wait upon him, instead of he on them.

"Yes, Jack; unless you go to Him who said that he 'came not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' and 'He that is greatest among you shall be your servant.'"

"Well!" said Jack, springing up. "You're the greatest mother to make a boy see things! I'm going to apply for the position of Prime Minister of this house, and I'll begin on that gas."—Sunday School Times.

First Use of Potatoes in Ireland.

In the garden adjoining his house at Youghal, Raleigh planted the first potatoes ever grown in Ireland. The vegetable was brought to him from the little colony which he endeavored to establish in Virginia. The colonists started in April, 1585, and Thomas Harriot, one of their number, wrote a description of the country in 1587. He describes a root which must have been the potatoe:

"Openank are a kind of roots of round form, some of the bignesse of walnuts some farre greater, which are found in moist and marshy grounds growing many together one by another in ropes, as though they were fastened with a string. Being boiled they are very good meat."

The Spaniards first brought potatoes to Europe, but Raleigh was undoubtedly the first to introduce the plant into Ireland.—St. Nicholas.

PRIZE PUZZLE COLUMN.

Two Prizes to be Given Each Month.

These puzzles will appear each week, and answers to each department will be published on the Sunday succeeding its appearance. All answers to puzzles must be received not later than Thursday morning of each week; must be distinctly numbered and signed; no anonymous solutions will receive any attention.

On the first Sunday in each month, the names of the two leaders in the contest will appear at the head of the column, and there will be a first and a second prize.

No answers to puzzles will be examined if received after the publication of the answers to them. Please do not forget this.

9.—COMBINATIONS.



Combine one of the above pictures phonetically with each of the others in turn to form words of the following meaning: 1. Favor. 2. To decapitate. 3. Credence. 4. In front of. 5. Profit. 6. To soil. 7. Gracious. 8. In the rear. 9. BELLY.

10.—LINKAGE.

(In this form of charade the parts overlap, as in "Fasten," in which the parts are "fast" and "ten.")

He owns a crown of copper wire,
Wrought in a pleasing pattern,
And brazen rings that might aspire
To shine with those of Saturn;
Beads, bracelets, buttons, great and small.

I have not space to note all,
But chief among his treasures all
A bottle of shoe total.

When this one two intends to grace
A royal fete or muster,
The total ornaments his face
With one, and burnished luster.
His rivals vainly imitate,
For dusky beauties dote all
Upon the two so fortunate
To have a pot of total.

—M. C. S.

11.—LOST FIGURES.

—3—

—1—

—4—8—

—3—

1—6—

—7—4—6—

Certain little friends of the puzzler have been playing school, and the parents of one lately offered a prize to the one of the pupils who should propose the neatest puzzle problem. The above—a multiplication, whose missing figures are to be replaced—received the award.

(A prize worth one dollar is now offered for the first correct solution of the problem sent to the puzzle editor, neatness to count in case the first answer cannot be determined.)

12.—RIDDLE.

When weeping-nature sheds her tears,
And gloomy mists long o'er the land,
Then 'gainst the darkest cloud appears
My dazzling form in arching band.

The king of day gives to me birth,
By throwing 'gainst the darkness sky
A flood of light, while I from earth,
In many colors, arch on high.

MAZY MASKER.

13.—DOUBLE DIAMOND.

Across.—1. A letter. 2. Catnip. 3. Set at a certain value. 4. Contrivances. 5. Pertaining to whetstones. 6. Furnished with panicles. 7. Peopled. 8. Narrated. 9. Having the time of a writing or execution specified. 10. A color. 11. A letter.

Down.—1. A letter. 2. A covering for the head. 3. One who gives or bestows. 4. A bird having small polygonal scales covering the tarsi. 5. Shaped like a boat. 6. Netted, or resembling network. 7. Stole. 8. Accused. 9. Satisfied. 10. A color. 11. A letter. E. D.

14.—CURTAILMENT.

Blushing, she faltered by my side,
My pleading eyes on her were bent;
I asked her there to be my bride—
She gave assent.

Triumphantly from her I went
To seek my ship upon the tide—
The golden craft was never sent.

Years after, stripped of every pride,
She one two, I on aims intent,
With hauteur, which approach defied—
She gave a cent.

NOVUS HOMO.

15.—TRANSPOSAL.

One hazy, golden day in October, I was out walking and met a party of children with baskets and pails on their arms. Being a stranger in the place, my curiosity was at once aroused as to the nature of their expedition. "For surely," I thought, "they cannot be looking for berries so late in the season as this." As they approached me, I stopped and spoke with them, and one little tot shyly held up her basket for me to see, saying, "I get ten bunch," and when I saw the contents of her basket, the object of her journey was known. ETHEL.

16.—IN VARIOUS WAYS.

1. The way from which all others start.
2. An open way for horse or cart.
3. The way of merry rogues who task us.
4. Recalls famed street of Damascus.
5. The way by which a house you enter.
6. A way that should be in the center.
7. An elevated road is here.
8. The way of those who scoff and sneer.
9. A way extremely incomplete.
10. And one suggestive of wet feet.
11. The way a tribe or crew may share.
12. "And thousands walk together there."
13. A sunny way, we may suppose.
14. Is sheltered from the wind that blows.
15. A way for all not used to climb.
16. The way of birds in nesting time.
17. A way of peevish altercation.
18. And one of absolute negation.

M. C. S.

17.—CHARADE.

"Oh, one, two, three, good sir," cried he,
"My purse, for hunger racks me sore;
Then will I play my pipes for thee
As I have never played before!"

Pale, tired and cold, his total old
And draggled cloak were torn and thin;
His bonnet, too, once smart and bold,
Let icy blasts and snowflakes in.

"Here's for your bread, small Scott," I said,
"But do not one your pipes, I pray;
Just think me with a smile instead,
Or wait till I'm six blocks away!"

MABEL P.

Last Week's Puzzles.

- 1.—Resort, Torres, roster, storer, "sorter."
- 2.—Cleave.
- 3.—
- 4.—"O, thoughtless mortals ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate."
- 5.—Majesty.
- 6.—Remarkable.
- 7.—Spearpoint.
- 8.—C-O-D-I-C-I-L.
- 9.—Still, till, ill.

From Father Times.

Dear Children: I desire to call your attention to the announcement at the head of the Puzzle Column—that no answers will be received if sent in after their publication. Please do not forget this. The names of all the competitors will be published at the end of the month.

FATHER TIMES.

Lord Hinton, Organ Grinder.

A correspondent of the San Francisco "Athenaeum," in describing the scenes to be witnessed at an English watering place last summer, says: "Walking with some ladies one afternoon we came upon a mechanical piano, or piano-organ, being played. The handle was turned slowly by a slight built, shabby-gentle-looking man of about 40. His features were small and not otherwise than refined, though showing a certain look of dissipation about the eyes. He puffed a cigarette as he played, and, with his mustache and imperial, looked not unlike a Frenchman. Beside him stood a faded, bloated, coarse-looking female, with blonde hair and a generally flash effect, with whom he conversed. Very commonplace, no doubt, you will think all this, but wait. On the back of the piano was hung a framed placard bearing these words in large letters:—

I AM VISCOUNT HINTON,

Eldest Son of Earl Poupllett.

I am obliged to adopt this means of livelihood, as my father refuses to give me any support through no fault of mine.

He saw us stop and speak together, and quickly came forward with a Japanese saucer in his hand. Taking off his hat, with a graceful movement and a smile he held out the saucer to one of the ladies, who had taken her purse from her pocket, and, touched into a momentary sort of enthusiastic sympathy, she gave him two shillings. His eyes sparkled as he whispered softly: "Thank you, madam," and he went back to the organ. It was a pitiful scene and one not without a moral of its own in these anti-House of Lords days. It was the first time I had seen this curious specimen of the English aristocracy, whose name has been before the public ever since years ago when he performed under the nom de guerre of "Mr. Cosman." Previous to this he had distinguished himself by marrying a ballet dancer named Ann Sheppy. These little escapades, perhaps, are not to be wondered at considering that his organ-grinding lordship's mother was the daughter of a Sandport pilot whom Earl Poulett married. That Lord Hinton should find the atmosphere of Portsmouth congenial is, therefore, not surprising.—Philadelphia Press.

The Mod-er-a Domestic.

"Bridget, go to the store and order some ice cream. I am expecting company to-night."
"Sure, mum, I was just coming to ask you to do that same. I am expectin' company myself."

It Appaled Him.

Miss Windecite (to Marquis de Paris)—
"When are you going back to Yurrop, Marquis?"
The Marquis—"Never, ma demoiselle, if it is pronounced that way."